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The 22d ODE in the

FIRST BOOK

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H O R A C E.

R Horatius



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. M. near St. Paul's.

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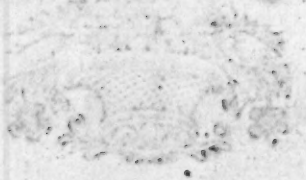
OF

The 2nd O.D.E. in the

First Book

OF

HORACE



Printed for
L. O. D. O. N. :
St. Paul's

IMITATION.

GOOD Magistrates, who ne'er pretend

Their Neighbour's Morals to amend,

Dear R-----n, take my Word,

Of Mobs need never be afraid;

Nor ask th' unnecessary Aid

Of Blunderbuss or Sword.

Whether

Whether in Alehouse room they meet,
Stifled with Smoak, and Stink, and Heat,
T' inforce Militia Bill;
Or shivering in a Church Yard stand,
To teach their New elected Band,
The distant Foe to kill.

Lately a Mob, as grim and fell
As ever pour'd from Clerkenwell,
To fire my house intended:
Fearless, unarm'd, without a Guard,
I met, and ask'd 'em in the Yard,
If any I'd offended?

If

If any *fin'd*, who drank, or swore ----

From me, if any Bawd or Whore

Had Marks of Whipcord on her?

Before I'd finish'd half my Speech,

There was not one, but turn'd his Breech

And cry'd, God bless your Honour!

Send me to *Yorkshire's* Northern Soil,

Where Spits, and Forks, the Country spoil,

And Knights are fore dismay'd;

No Vote of mine produc'd this Fright,

My Conscience tells me, I was right,

I'm therefore not afraid.

Send

Send me thro' Bedford's red hot Plain,

Where fierce Militia Furies reign,

And all with Terror fell;

The dangerous Route I'd not refuse,

Nor ask Defence from Reds, or Blues,

But laugh, and d—n the B—ll.

F I N I S